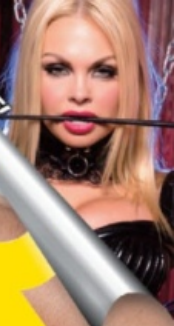
HARDCORE JESSE: "SUBMIT TO MY WHIP"



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OCTOBER 2015

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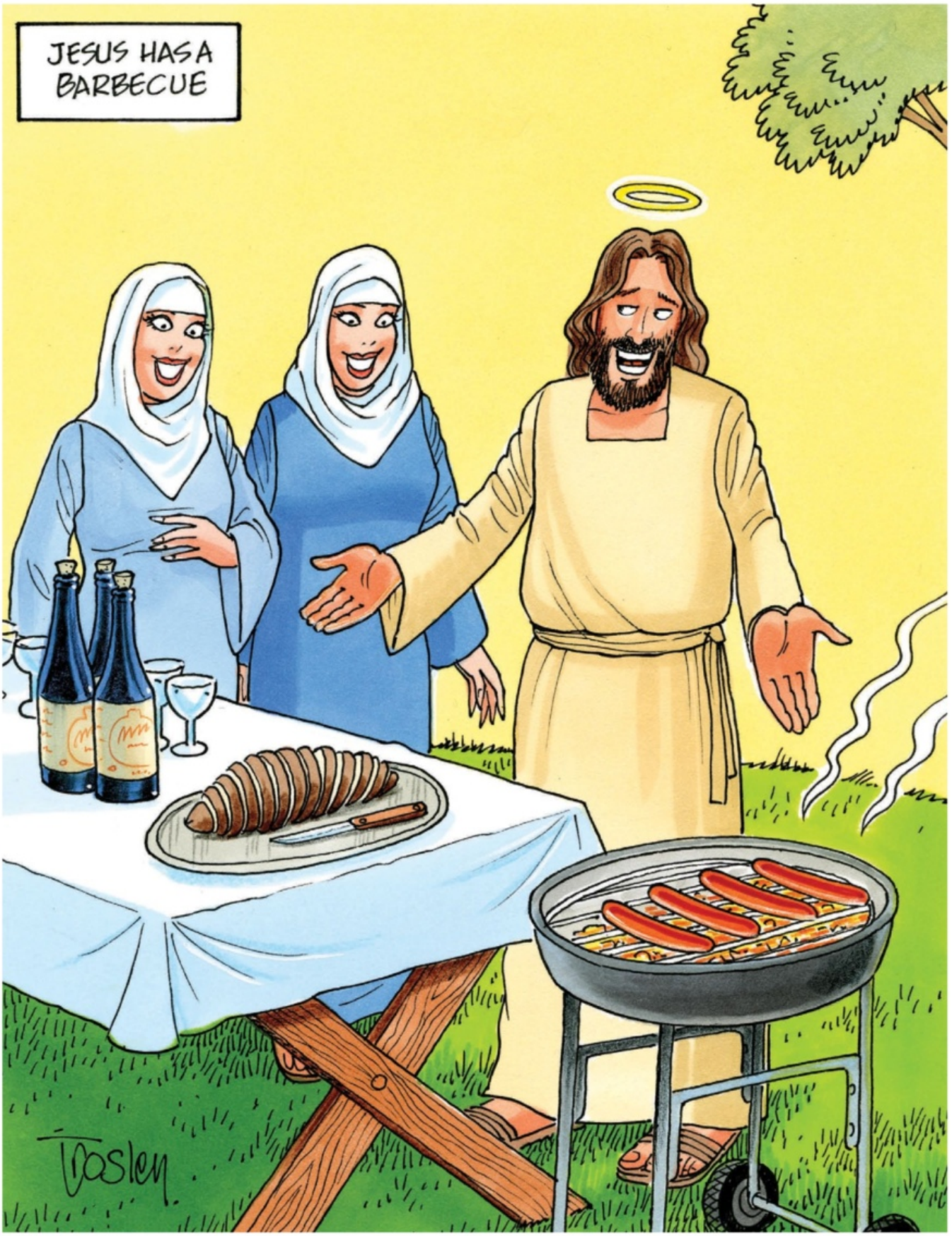

"The wine is my blood. The bread is my flesh.
The foot-long hot dog...well, you know."

OCTOBER 2015
Volume 42 Number 5
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER

CONTENTS

20 HARLEY DEAN
Goddess of Love
Photography by DigitalDesire.com

36 JESSE
Alpha Female
Photography Courtesy Jules Jordan Video

48 MARINA VISCONTI
The Natural
Photography by DigitalDesire.com

60 SHYLA JENNINGS
Shameless
Photography by CR Inc.

90 NATALIA STARR & ZOEY FOXX
Pretty in Pink
Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

130 KATE & JOEY RAY
Some Pussy for the Devil
Classic Photography by Matti Klatt

30 BONNIE ROTTEN TO THE CORE
This quintessentially confident porn star could be the girl-next-door—if you reside at Camp Blud! Hang with Halloween's biggest fan and find out why she calls herself a sexual demon. Interview by M. Allen Nathan. Photography by Wilferd Guenthoer.

44 INDELIBLE
The pioneer of tattoo photography unveils her latest coffee-table heavyweight, *Revelations: The Photography of Justice Howard.* Amazing body art. Amazing bodies. And a peek inside Justice's "eclectic little brainpan." Interview by Amanda Ferguson.

74 YOUR PRETTY FACE IS GOING TO HELL
Reporter Lee Keeler hangs out with the stars of Adult Swim's hilarious, hellacious hit *YPFIGTH* to see what a second season in Hades brings. Bonus: Show creators Dave Willis and Casper Kelly talk thrusting and Ted Turner.

106 ANGELS & DEVILS
Red dildos! Spiked tongues! Celestial bodies! These black- and white-winged beauties blur the line between sin and salvation. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
9 ROBERT SCHEER
11 BRAD FRIEDMAN
13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
14 BITS & PIECES
18 FEEDBACK
72 HUSTLER HUMOR
82 HARDCORE SHOWCASE
96 BEAVER HUNT
136 COMING SOON

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Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
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Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Sales Consultant*
323-951-7907, HustlerAdSales@lfp.com
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Cover photo by CR Inc.

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JUST SAY NO TO DEATH ROW

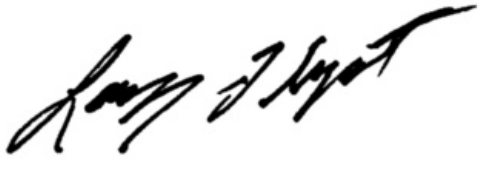
Twenty years ago, 42 nations practiced the death penalty. Today that number has dwindled to 22. China remains the world's leader, but the exact number of executions there is a state secret. Following China are those bastions of enlightenment—Iran, Saudi Arabia, Iraq and, in fifth place, the United States. That's shameful company. Although the annual number of U.S. executions has declined, we are still an outlier in the supposedly civilized First World.

Defenders of the death penalty argue that it is a deterrent against homicide, but if that were true, we would expect the states with the highest per capita rates of execution—Oklahoma, Texas and Delaware—to have the lowest murder rates. They don't. All three rank in the top 50th percentile, while three states with no death penalty—Vermont, Hawaii and Iowa—have the lowest per capita murder rates. In actual fact, no study in the world has proven a correlation between capital punishment and effective deterrence.

The desire for vengeance is understandable, but anyone supporting the death penalty must answer this question: Are you willing to live with the execution of wrongly convicted men? At present 154 wrongly convicted death row inmates have been exonerated in America, often by a review of DNA evidence. Unfortunately, not every crime involves DNA evidence, and not every capital offense can be sufficiently reviewed by lawyers working pro bono.

Twenty American states have now abolished the death penalty, with Michigan being the earliest (1846) and Nebraska the latest (2015). And now even a right-wing group is rethinking the issue—Conservatives Concerned About the Death Penalty has been lobbying against the ultimate sanction with some success.

I believe in the continuing progress of civilization, and that means sweeping this barbaric practice into the dustbin of primitive history, along with slavery and witch burning.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

Well, the race for the Republican Presidential nominee is underway.
Let the stupid begin.
REPUBLICAN FIELD
MyLeady.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

A DEFIANT REPUBLICAN SENATOR TAKES A STAND TO PROTECT OUR RIGHT TO PRIVACY.

It was spectacularly great news: Freedom had triumphed, and our flag was still there. Occasionally in a nation's history, sanity abruptly intervenes when a few heroic figures save the day by finding the courage to do what is right.

Such a rare moment occurred on May 31, 2015. A once-resistant U.S. Senate was compelled to follow the lead of a whopping majority in the House of Representatives and allowed three key provisions of the USA PATRIOT Act to meet their long-overdue death.

Amid the hysteria following the 9/11 terrorist attacks, an opportunistic President and frightened Congress shamefully betrayed the Constitution's assertion of the virtue of limited government power and the sanctity of individual liberty. Thus was born the draconian USA PATRIOT Act—a misnomer if ever there was one. Signed into law by George W. Bush on October 26, 2001, it became the pretext for the massive invasion of our individual privacy. So much for the Fourth Amendment, which enshrines "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures."

Even the author of the PATRIOT Act—Representative Jim Sensenbrenner, a conservative Wisconsin Republican—was shocked when he learned through the revelations of NSA contractor Edward Snowden how the government had perverted the purpose of the law. In November 2013 Sensenbrenner announced, "The constant stream of disclosures about U.S. surveillance since June has surprised and appalled me as much as it has the American public and our international allies. I have therefore introduced legislation along with Senator Patrick Leahy [D-Vermont], the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, that will curtail surveillance abuses and restore trust in the U.S. intelligence community."

On May 13, 2015, Sensenbrenner and Leahy's bill—titled the USA FREEDOM Act—was overwhelmingly approved in an amended form by the House of Representatives to replace the PATRIOT Act. That was a great victory for the libertarian wing of the Republican Party and progressive Democrats committed to individual freedom.

But House passage of the bill didn't sit well with some senators from both major parties. Stoked by messages of dread from the chiefs of the CIA, FBI and NSA, the Senate's old-guard hawks demanded extending the PATRIOT Act lest the terrorists get their way. But the fearmongering argument didn't hold water because too many studies—including a recent one conducted by the Justice Department's inspector general—had proven that the rape of Americans' personal data had not facilitated the thwarting of a single terrorist attack.

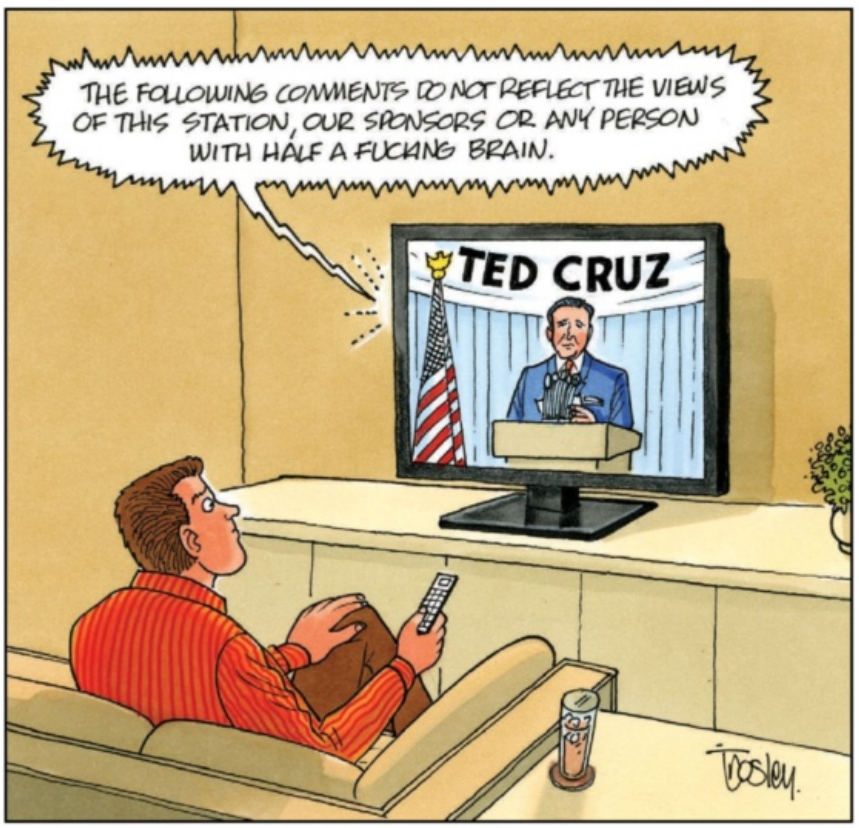
Such is the power of fear, however, that the Senate's GOP leadership almost carried the day until a freshman senator from Kentucky had his James Stewart moment, as in the 1939 film *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. The real-life performance of Rand Paul, who filibustered for almost 11 hours and then reprised the tactic a week later, made history by repeatedly denying the unanimous consent required to extend the onerous PATRIOT Act. Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell, a fellow Kentuckian no less, was caught off guard. Sputtering with anger, he was forced to abandon the PATRIOT Act and get behind the FREEDOM Act in order to save face.

A movie featuring Rand Paul, Edward Snowden and Jim Sensenbrenner should be made to mark that pivotal moment when America came to its senses.

Rest assured that Senator Paul's clarion call defending individual liberty in the face of hysteria over terrorism will be remembered long after he is gone as a high-water mark in the fight to preserve the bedrock notion of the Bill of Rights: It is the government rather than the citizenry that must be viewed with suspicion.

The USA PATRIOT Act, hastily authorized by Congress and President George W. Bush, codified the exact opposite of that notion while exploiting the fears of the populace. The poorly named law had nothing to do with genuine American patriotism, namely flat-out respect for the wisdom of those who framed our Constitution. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*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TED CRUZ
TOSTEY.

"I'm a fiscally responsible conservative Republican. Which one of you whores gives the cheaper blowjob?"

TREACHEROUS SUCKING SOUND

A GUTSY DEMOCRAT EXPLAINS HOW THE U.S. BECAME "A COUNTRY OF CHEAP LABOR AND DEBT SLAVERY."

We have got to stop sending jobs overseas," the somewhat loony Ross Perot presciently warned back in 1992. The third-party Presidential candidate was bashing the then-pending North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) before most Americans had a clue what he was talking about. They still don't.

"[It's] pretty simple," Perot explained during a debate with incumbent George H.W. Bush and Democrat Bill Clinton. "If you're paying $12, $13, $14 an hour for factory workers, and you can move your factory south of the border, pay a dollar an hour for labor…have no healthcare…have no environmental controls, no pollution controls and no retirement, and you don't care about anything but making money, there will be a giant sucking sound going south."

Clinton took the '92 election. A year later he signed NAFTA into law with the support of Republicans and the world's largest corporate lobbyist—the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

Perot was absolutely correct. The deal sucked. Specifically, it sucked millions of manufacturing jobs out of the United States, helped to explode our trade deficit with foreign nations and stagnated domestic middle-class wages for decades while allowing the owners of all those businesses that now make their products elsewhere to amass a fortune. The rich got way richer, and everyone else slid farther down the economic ladder.

Today it's Democratic President Barack Obama who seems to want more of the above in his effort to enact the Trans-Pacific Partnership (TPP) with 11 countries in the Asia Pacific region. "NAFTA on steroids," critics have called the pact, which is being secretly negotiated by the U.S. Trade Representative and hundreds of corporate lobbyists. Even lawmakers allowed to review the latest draft are barred from talking about its provisions.

"That's part of the game the administration is playing with us and the American public," Representative Alan Grayson (D-Florida) told me recently. "It's a farce. It is the death knell for the American middle class."

Since he's prohibited from disclosing specifics of the TPP pact, the firebrand Democrat brought up what he described as "the most interesting video you're ever going to see in your entire life." The video, which Grayson created for TradeTreachery.com, outlines—in his words—"the worst economic mismanagement in the history of the planet."

In order to even speak to me about the TPP, he had to use ridiculous disclaimers, such as "part of it was posted on WikiLeaks, so I guess we can talk about that part."

The TPP, Grayson said, "continues and extends the insane trade policies that we've seen adopted in the past couple of decades, to the point where now one-seventh of all the assets in the United States—$11 trillion of U.S. assets—are now foreign-owned."

Grayson added, "When NAFTA went into effect, we owned more foreign assets than foreigners owned U.S. assets. Now it's reversed. We lost 5 million manufacturing jobs and probably something like 10 or 15 million other jobs that were based upon those manufacturing jobs. And the result is that America is becoming a country of cheap labor and debt slavery."

"But the President says the Trans-Pacific Partnership is the most progressive trade deal the world has ever seen," I countered.

"That's a lie!" Grayson snapped. "That's just ridiculous."

So why would Obama, whom Grayson generally supports, go along with the TPP?

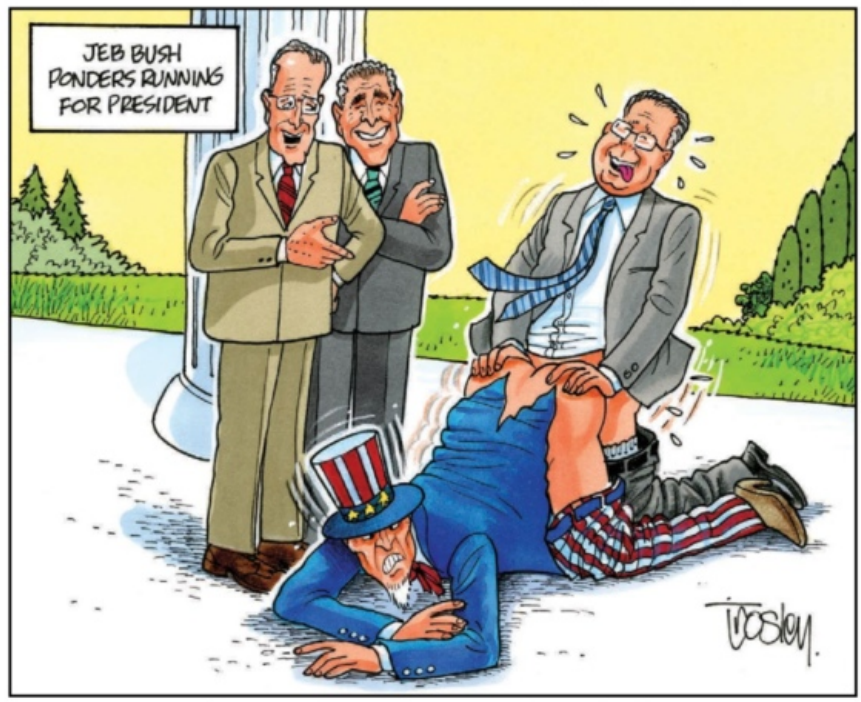
"We've been hoodwinked," the congressman told me. "I think that the President has bought into the Chamber of Commerce's agenda in this regard. And thank God we have many Democrats who don't get sucked into that vortex of fantasy that somehow sending jobs overseas is a good thing for America. It doesn't create any jobs in this country. Far from it. It sucks jobs out of the country and sends them abroad."

There's that "sucking sound" again.

Who's right? The President or his usual allies who are bucking ship? Besides Grayson, they include Senators Elizabeth Warren (D-Massachusetts) and Bernie Sanders (I-Vermont) and, oddly enough, a bunch of House Republicans who are defying their party bosses to oppose the Trans-Pacific Partnership. Who knows? None of us are allowed to look at the actual deal and decide for ourselves.

"They're turning America into a giant mushroom farm," Grayson railed. "They keep us in the dark, and they spread fertilizer all over us." H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"See, Jeb. It's fun to be President!"

GENTLEMEN: SPEAKING AS A REPUBLICAN, I MUST SAY, IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE WE WIN THE WHITE HOUSE BACK!
I AGREE. AND IT'S BECAUSE WE HAVE BECOME TOO DAMN CRAZY TO WIN A NATIONAL ELECTION!
WINNERS

JEB BUSH

After the embarrassing debacle of George W. Bush's presidency, you'd think the Republican Party would be wary of offering up one of his siblings for another stint in the White House. But the Bush pedigree is ever popular in conservative circles, guaranteed to haul in record boatloads of campaign cash from the oligarchs who virtually own the GOP nominating process.

Jeb is supposedly smarter than his bumbling brother Dubya, but then so is 99% of the human race, along with a few chimpanzees and parrots. Whatever his IQ, Jeb is a made member of the Bush crime family and exemplar of its signature traits: rank hypocrisy, shady business dealings, zero accountability and the compassion of a Barbary pirate.

As part of the 1980s savings and loan scandal, Jeb defaulted on a $4.56 million loan from Broward Federal Savings in Florida, forcing regulators to close the S&L and taxpayers to cover $4 million in bailout money. Later, as governor of Florida, he continued to invest the state's public pension fund in Enron stock, even after the SEC announced in 2001 that the sinking ship was under investigation for accounting fraud. The pension fund lost $335 million, because Jeb was more interested in bailing out brother George's number-one campaign contributor.

In 1985 Jeb interceded with federal officials on behalf of Miguel Recarey Jr., owner of an HMO who fled the country after being charged with the nation's costliest Medicare scam. Recarey had given Jeb $75,000 for a "business deal" that never happened. But commit some petty offense without a five-figure bribe to Jeb, and suddenly it's "get tough" time: He was elected Florida governor in 1999 largely on his advocacy for the infamous 10-20-LIFE law that has resulted in some of the most grotesque travesties of justice in American history:

Marissa Alexander, a 29-year-old mother of three, was married to a violently abusive husband who had put her in the hospital once and threatened to kill her if she ever left him. She obtained a restraining order—enraged, the husband choked her almost to death. She struggled free, retrieved a gun and fired a warning shot that deflected into the ceiling. The husband grabbed the three children and fled. But Marissa was charged with three counts of aggravated assault under the 10-20-LIFE law, and sentenced to a minimum 20-year term because she had fired a gun. She sought immunity under Florida's stand-your-ground law, but was denied. Her tragic case is mirrored by a half-dozen similar ones.

But if you're a gun-toting vigilante like George Zimmerman, roaming the streets at night and shooting dead a young, unarmed black teenager (Trayvon Martin)—you can get off scot-free in Jeb Bush's Florida. Equal justice under the law? You'd be better off in Saudi Arabia.

What really puts Jeb firmly into Asshole territory, however, is the stinking hypocrisy of his position on drug offenders. His own daughter, Noelle, was arrested for prescription drug fraud, then busted in rehab for possession of stolen drugs and crack cocaine hidden in her shoe. That's three felonies, normally triggering severe punishment in the Sunshine State. But Noelle only served ten days in jail, and her felony record was expunged, leaving her free to vote, obtain financial assistance for education and own a firearm. Nor will her whole family be evicted from state-funded housing—the fate of lesser mortals falling afoul of Florida's draconian drug laws.

Noelle's treatment was compassionate, but Daddy Jeb didn't see fit to extend his mercy to Florida's other troubled citizens—he slashed funding for drug courts, instituted even harsher mandatory sentences for first-time drug offenders and opposed any tolerance for medical marijuana. Oddly enough, back in the '80s, Jeb frequently vacationed with Raúl Salinas de Gortari, an alleged Mexican drug cartel kingpin. Jeb now claims he never knew of Gortari's criminal drug empire, although the DEA and then Attorney General Edwin Meese were well acquainted with it.

These grotesque disparities in drug policy are sufficient to judge Jeb as a foul, shit-spewing bunghole of a bastard, but the rap sheet continues: In 1990 he successfully petitioned the Justice Department to pardon Orlando Bosch, an anti-Castro Cuban terrorist who was accused of bombing a Cuban airliner, killing all 73 innocent people aboard. Then he commuted the death sentence of serial killer and cannibal Ottis Toole, partner of Henry Lee Lucas, whose death sentence was also commuted by Governor George W. Bush in Texas. What hellish perversity is this?

In June of this year, Jeb was benefactor of a $7,500-per-person golf and fly fishing retreat with the coal industry's top CEOs, which explains why he's really a climate-change denier, parroting the standard GOP cliché: "I'm a skeptic. I'm not a scientist…I would be very wary of hollowing out our industrial base even further." Protecting his fossil-fuel buddies' dirty profits is paramount over any broader concern for a healthier environment. And if he's truly worried about "hollowing out our industrial base," then why is he gung ho over the Trans-Pacific Partnership free trade deal, certain to result in another "giant sucking sound" of American manufacturing jobs fleeing to China and India?

Jeb has become fully schizophrenic over Dubya's disastrous invasion of Iraq, stating that he would have definitely made the same decision before later stating that he would not have repeated the colossal fuckup we're still suffering from. But his foreign policy team tells us the real answer—retreads from the Shrub's team include Michael Hayden, Michael Mukasey, Porter Goss, Stephen Hadley, Robert Zoellick, John Negroponte and Paul Wolfowitz. Wolfowitz?! The number-one cheerleader for the Iraq invasion? With this roster of gunslinging Neocon sirens, President Jeb's first act would probably be an unprovoked attack on Iran, followed by military escalation in Ukraine and WWIII with the Russians.

Rounding out Jeb's résumé is the usual litany of knee-jerk, right-wing Asshole policies whose main effect is to make others' lives miserable: He opposes any legal protections for gays and lesbians, wants to outlaw abortion and would repeal the Affordable Care Act while giving yet more tax breaks to billionaires.

If this Asshole is elected President, the good times will roll…if you're a coal baron, a Medicare scammer, a financial fraudster, an airliner terrorist, a man-eating serial killer or a Mexican drug lord. But the rest of us can expect no mercy, no justice and no help. The last thing our White House needs is a complete Bush trifecta of venality and disaster. H

F.M.K. THE KARDASHIANS

Sure, there's a definite vapid vacancy there, but really, we'd be hard-pressed to think of a celebrity derriere we'd rather fuck. Of course it would be tempting to jam a dick into her mouth instead, just to shut her the hell up.

Poised to become a bigger financial success than Bruce Jenner ever was, Caitlyn is all we could want in a wife—authentic, smart, beautiful and poised. And not to be shallow, but those motivational speaking fees and endorsements would make for a lovely matrimonial nest egg.

One reality show missing from the Kardashian repertoire? Kris Jenner's personal transition from superficial, status-driven, money-obsessed momager to human being.

PHOTOGRAPHY © EVERETT COLLECTION INC./ALAMY

FRANKENFOOT

Like what you see? Then this might just be your next sex toy. The Vajankle—fun to say, isn't it?—is just what it seems, a severed, wrinkled left foot made bangable by the addition of a vagina molded into its stump. Custom-made by Sinthetics, a company better known for its hyperrealistic sex dolls and penises, the item has developed a cult following with collectors and foot fetishists. Says Sinthetics representative Bronwen Keller, "I'm certain that the vast majority of people who get them use them for the intended purpose. I did hear from one person that it was going to be his pencil holder, but maybe that was a euphemism."

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY SINTHETICS.COM

The Vajankle comes as a left foot ($175) or with its matching, Vajankle-less right foot for $299.50 (plus postage—just because they're feet doesn't mean they can walk to your house). Admit it—now that the idea has gotten into your head, it's hard to let go of, isn't it? Check out **Sinthetics.com** to order.

"By all means, marry. If you get a good wife, you'll become happy; if you get a bad one, you'll become a philosopher." —SOCRATES, PHILOSOPHER

CLUB GIRL

"Living in Vegas is super exciting and fun 24/7," raves Dakota, October's crazy-cute Club Girl. "I love that I can get off work past midnight and still get a steak dinner." When she's not busy working at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Las Vegas, Dakota likes to watch the amateur pole dancing contests. "One time a very heavyset girl competed, and nobody expected her to have a chance, but she threw down and actually won first place. She pulled some moves I've never even seen before!" Sometimes the customers provide entertainment too. "Probably the funniest thing I've ever seen was a guy having a full on conversation with the ATM," she laughs. Currently single, Dakota is studying to be paramedic. In the meantime, she's happy to make her home at HUSTLER. "I love my family here," says the pretty 25-year-old. "I look at this crazy whirlwind lifestyle and think, *Wow, look at all the cool stuff I get to do!* I already have so many memories."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MATLOW

"I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy." —STEVE MARTIN, COMEDIAN

SCREAM CREAM

"So what are you?" At the annual L.A. Heaven and Hell bash, now over 20 years strong, the answer is always "Slutty!" From scantily clad pirates to Freddy Krueger's favorite wet dreams, XXX starlets vie to win World's Sexiest Costume. The eye candy here never runs out, and the scariest thing you'll encounter will be perennial host Ron Jeremy.

CARTER CRUISE, PAMELA BALIAN & COMPANY

RUSTY NAILS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J.R. REYNOLDS

NATASHA STARR & VIOLET MONROE

MORGAN LEE, RILYNN RAE, CARMEN CALIENTE, CHRISTIE STEVENS & RACHELE RICHEY

"If human beings had genuine courage, they'd wear their costumes every day of the year, not just on Halloween." —DOUGLAS COUPLAND, AUTHOR

BRANDO MARLIN
& SCARLET RED

PRIYA RAI

MORGAN LEE & CARMEN CALIENTE

JENNA SATIVA
& SAVANNAH SNOW

"Charlie Brown is the one person I identify with. C.B. is such a loser. He wasn't even the star of his own Halloween special." —CHRIS ROCK, COMEDIAN

false prophets." It is also appreciated that HUSTLER and Larry Flynt are ardent upholders of honesty and Constitutional rights, too often missing today. I like most of the cartoons and editorials. While the models are sometimes slutty, thanks for the examples of what God can do to impress us. —**F.P.**
Casa Grande, Arizona

Ready, Aim, Fire

Thank you for the 2015 Anniversary Issue. George W. Bush as *Asshole of the Century* is dead-on target. The former "puppet" President (Cheney is the "puppeteer") did more to devastate America's standing in eight years than any of the previous chief executives have done in over 200! Sadly, even Obama is following in his slippery footsteps. Thank you for your articles that not even cable networks would allow out of fear of being fined. Big brother be damned! Long live the most daring adult periodical of them all. Long live HUSTLER!
—Mark E. Pastell
San Diego, California

Classic, My Ass!

I love the inclusion of older pictorials in the back of the recent editions; however, the HUSTLER Classic from 2001 that was featured in your July '15 issue [*The Gargling Gourmets*] was about as "classic" as my 2005 Corolla. In a culture completely saturated with landing strips and shaved twats, it is refreshing to see pictures of women with big, hairy, natural muffs from the '70s, '80s and even early '90s. If you are going to refer to a photo spread as a HUSTLER Classic, stay true to the definition; keep it retro and bushy.
—B.R.
Houston, Texas

Jesus H. Christ

The cartoon of Jesus's crucifixion in the July issue was so degrading in its depiction that I thought of not renewing my subscription. I changed my mind because I think that Jesus would want me to. He would know that so many have been hurt due to what he forewarned: "Many will come in my name, but beware of

Suggestion Cox

I've been a Larry Flynt fan for decades. I have a suggestion—how about including a layout featuring bisexual males with females in a hardcore threeway? I feel HUSTLER readers are ready to break through the bi-male barrier. Judging by the proliferation of trans and bi phone sex ads in every issue, this is not an alien theme for your readership. America appears to be ready as well, with gay marriage legal in one-third of the United States and openly gay players in the NFL and NBA. I'd love to see HUSTLER credited with this milestone, as LFP used to be known for cutting edge boldness! Make me proud. —**Garry Erwin**
Auburn, New York

"Well, for starters, she can't take criticism. All of my mistresses suck dick better than she does."

Kenna's pretty pussy pleased in our July '15 issue.

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Dear Mr. Larry Flynt:
Peace be with you and all your staff, and may you all be doing the best you can. Here is a good idea and novelty product to move worldwide. The adult entertainment arena will love it. The engineers and artists can put this together for some Japanese or Chinese suppliers. This idea is this: The Talking Dildo (Big Black Bob) that can talk in sext messages of all sorts. Sample: "Take them panties off and get in that bed!" "Insert!" "Put me between your beautiful breasts and say my name!" The Talking Dildo (Big Black Bob) comes with a mini-cassette, mini-CD, mini-DVD player or film display for adult movie scenes, and an orgasm injects a warm, watery white fluid. Nobody has got this toy on the market! This is new and unique! Ask somebody, "What do you think about a talking dildo with a mini adult-movie player and sexy voice recordings at the push of a button?" Will you please personally help me with this?
—Richard Johnson
Farmington, Missouri

Happy to Oblige

The July '15 issue was amazing! Covergirl Kenna James looks like she was built for fucking and sucking! Kimmy Kay [*All-Star*] is so hot! There's something very erotic about any girl who watches a cock as it slides in and out of her. In the *Beaver Hunt* section, Naiya from Montana has that look in her eye that says, "Come and pound the shit out of me." I hope her fantasy comes true. Honey Haven is a total HUSTLER Honey. I'd love to see her in a gang-bang film for HUSTLER. Here are a few possible titles:
1) *Honey Gets Hosed for HUSTLER*
2) *Fuck My Hot Tennessee Hole*
3) *Honey's Beaver Party*
4) *Honey Gets Covered in Man Cream*

And Dana from Hoboken, New Jersey, can come and see me anytime. HUSTLER is the best magazine for all us horny readers. Thanks for another great issue.
—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

Congratulations to F.P. of Casa Grande, Arizona, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month! We think Jesus would want him to receive a special HUSTLER gift. Will it be a hat? A T-shirt? Vibrator? God only knows, but it'll be good! Let us know what you think of this month's issue and you could be next month's lucky winner! Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*, and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

"Wow! Being able to earn a good living doing something you really enjoy has got to be *so* rewarding!"

HARLEY DEAN

GODDESS OF LOVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I'd love to get all my ex-lovers together in one room, naked. They'd please me, touch me, hold me, kiss me, pull my hair, grab my neck and send my body overboard! I want them to love me as if I were Aphrodite."

Real passion is all about feeling and knowing another person's body! It's chemistry so good, it explodes. I like a man who knows how to dress, because I need a man, not a little boy. To me, that's what a real HUSTLER is—a goal getter, self-driven, ambitious and motivated. Like Larry Flynt, who had the balls to publish nudes back in the day. Blew *Playboy* away! When I hear HUSTLER, I think of me."

HARLEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Columbus, Ohio** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-7** | MEASUREMENTS: **32C-24-32**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary** | TWITTER: **@ToooMuchAtOnce** | INSTAGRAM: **@True_Beauty365**

Bonnie Rotten
TO THE CORE

HUSTLER goes shopping for a Halloween costume with porn's favorite tatt goddess and returns with a new appreciation for spiderwebs and zombies, not to mention a serious boner! Tricks *and* treats from a true legend in the making.

ARTICLE BY M. ALLEN NATHAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFERD GUENTHOER

The late Frank Sinatra, whose likeness porn star Bonnie Rotten has tattooed on her left leg, once famously said, "I'm for anything that gets you through the night, be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniel's."

Frank Sinatra is Bonnie's hero, and as I spend the afternoon with her, I understand why. Sinatra grew up rough and still managed to become a music legend with the hand fate dealt him. Bonnie Rotten had a soul-crushing childhood. Yet she's not only managed to become a XXX superstar, but perhaps more impressively, she's a well-adjusted, happy adult. Porn, to paraphrase the words of the Chairman of the Board, is what gets her through the night.

It's nearly Halloween, and it's my assignment to accompany Bonnie to the world-famous HUSTLER Store on Sunset Strip, in Hollywood, California, as she shops for a suitable costume to showcase her hellacious, well-toned and seriously tatted body for the upcoming holiday. As Bonnie slips in and out of an assortment of skimpy, revealing outfits (for the record, the slutty soldier is an instant dick-hardener), I ask her how she discovered her career calling.

"It was an accident," she says with a laugh. "When I was a little kid, I wanted to grow up to be a lawyer, like the character in the movie *Clueless*. I liked working on cars too," she adds. "So if the lawyer thing didn't work out, I figured I'd become an auto mechanic…that is, until I discovered sex."

As a kid, her parents were not in her life. Mom and Dad abandoned Bonnie to her grandparents when she was two years old. Mom dropped off the face of the Earth, never to reappear, and Dad didn't come back into the picture until she was 18. And to make her domestic situation even more of a mishmash, Bonnie's grandparents separated when she was in grade school. So the girl grew up without a helluva lot of supervision; i.e., she grew up quick. Her domestic life was beyond her control, and it made her, in her words, "want to be a control freak." Sex seemed like an area she could control.

"I loved sex right away," Bonnie recalls, "and I knew I wanted more. I just didn't know what *more* was."

So young Bonnie set out on a quest to try and learn. She started secretly watching soft-core porn on her grandmother's cable TV and was enthralled by what she discovered—stories featuring actors in

exotic costumes copulating. "I saw a bunch of movies where pirates, cavemen, apes and space aliens were all banging people. I thought it was crazy amazing. That sex could be more than just sex. That it could be a way of creating characters and telling a story. It got me thinking that maybe sex could be a career."

Bonnie also learned by doing. She had several boyfriends with more experience than her and soon learned about deep-throating, anal sex, threeways and the wonders of bisexuality. Eventually the pupil surpassed her teachers and moved out of Grandma's house for good, shacking up with a well-hung construction worker. She was now free to pursue her passion for all things XXX.

Bonnie's wild-child move turned out to be significant. The new boyfriend didn't just introduce Bonnie to imaginative sexual positions; he also guided her to her other passion in life—the world of horror films, comic books and fantasy. Together they attended horror conventions like Fear Fest and ShockaCon, where Bonnie discovered that she loved to be frightened to death. She became an instant fan of *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Halloween*, *Friday the 13th*, Freddy, Jason—the entire litany of hockey-mask-wearing, knife-slashing, chainsaw-wielding, murdering psychos.

"I remember taking the guy's dripping cum and wiping it all over his chest."

Bonnie liked the horror genre so much that she decided going to the movies wasn't nearly enough of a commitment for a true fan; she wanted to merge the art of horror with her love of tattoos. She had always loved quality body ink anyway. At 13, Bonnie was already sneaking around the neighborhood, getting tattooed by amateur artists who were willing to ink minors. She started out with simple graphics—a sailor's pinup girl, her great-grandmothers' names, and song lyrics that had meaning to her, like those from the thrash metal band Kreator. (The words "The promise of a better future is a lie" are on her right arm.) But after she caught the horror bug, she proceeded to get spiderwebs inked onto her breasts, the number 1428 (the address of the house in *A Nightmare on Elm Street*) etched onto the inside of her arm, the words *Camp Blud* on her knuckles (in reference to the film *Friday the 13th*), a zombie from the *Night of the Living Dead* comic book on her stomach, an image from *Leatherface III* on her forearm and, on her right leg, the newly self-created zombie alter ego that would launch her professional adult entertainment career, Bonnie Rotten.

A star was born! Almost. Bonnie had finally figured out who she was—a badass, tattoo- and horror-loving, sexually insatiable control freak who wanted to turn what she was doing recreationally into a vocation that provided both fun and profit. The only question was how? >>

Bonnie began her newly formed master plan by posting some hot pics of herself on Facebook and promptly got into modeling. She did car shows, fetish modeling for the magazine *Girls and Corpses*, and won the Ms. Dead Beauty Pageant at the Indianapolis HorrorHound convention. She added stripper to her résumé, adopting her first character persona, Dixie, a backwoods-bred slut in an American flag bikini who danced onstage exclusively to Southern rock. Only one more world was left to conquer—fucking on camera.

Then, at a party right before her 19th birthday, Bonnie met legendary porn star Nina Hartley. Bonnie asked Hartley for help to break into the porn business, and Hartley agreed. Soon after that fateful meeting, Bonnie found herself stark naked on her first porn shoot.

"I was nervous," Bonnie recalls with a wry smile. "I realized I was letting a lot of people into a very private part of my life… but that's not the part that scared me. What made me nervous was that I wanted to be natural, extreme, hardcore and have a good time."

"Now I travel the world, doing hardcore anal scenes while yachts go passing by. It's a beautiful thing."

She had success on all fronts. Not only did Bonnie have fun, but she also performed a steamy, imaginative scene. "I remember taking the guy's dripping cum and wiping it all over his chest," she recalls. "Everyone thought it was really hot. It made me think I could be good at this."

Today, of course, to the delight of her many fans worldwide, Bonnie is the quintessentially confident porn queen. "Now, when the camera goes on, I become a different person. I become a sexual demon. My only on-camera concern is that I become too extreme and my partner can't keep up…I love banging a girl with a strap-on and then eating her pussy. I could do it forever. I have to remember that everyone can't."

In recognition of her limitless sexual enthusiasm and incredibly hot XXX on-camera performances, in 2013 *LA Weekly* ranked Bonnie fifth on their list of "10 Porn Stars Who Could Be the Next Jenna Jameson." In 2014 she was also placed on CNBC's list of "The Dirty Dozen: Porn's Most Popular Stars," and to cap things off for the hard-working newbie, Ms. Rotten won the adult industry's most prestigious honor—the AVN Award for Female Performer of the Year. With her newfound star power and enhanced name recognition, Bonnie decided it was time to launch her own production company, Mental Beauty, Inc., to, in her words, "push boundaries, challenge me mentally and physically and entertain the shit out of my fans." That same year, the aspiring mogul, forever looking for ways to widen her exposure, appeared alongside pornographic actresses London Keyes and Asphyxia Noir in the music video for the song "Kiss Land" by The Weeknd and shook her moneymaker in an indie video for her favorite Los Angeles band, Piece by Piece.

April 2015 saw Bonnie in New York, doing a shoot for a personal profile in *Inked* Magazine. Suddenly this media-savvy star decided to liven things up a bit by parading topless through Washington Square Park and posing for pictures with startled (and extremely grateful) male tourists. Being New York, there's a law on the books allowing women to appear topless in public (no wonder the city never sleeps), which motivated Bonnie to continue her Lady Godiva experiment for a topless subway ride. The gossip site TMZ was alerted, the escapade was captured on video, and this naughty young lady was able to turn an ordinary magazine interview into a viral event that received hundreds of thousands of hits.

I ask Bonnie, now dressed as a very naughty Halloween nurse, if she could imagine herself doing anything else besides work in the adult industry. "I think about that sometimes," she replies with a pensive look. "Growing up, my life felt like a big jigsaw puzzle. I couldn't quite figure out how all the different pieces were going to fit. Now I travel the world, doing hardcore anal scenes while yachts go passing by. It's a beautiful thing."

"What does the future hold for you?" I wonder. "A girl can't make her living banging guys and girls on camera forever."

"I want to produce and direct my own work eventually," Bonnie replies. "Pretty-to-look-at, crazy, gonzo stuff. Even when I settle down and get married and become a mom, I know I'll always have ties to the adult industry."

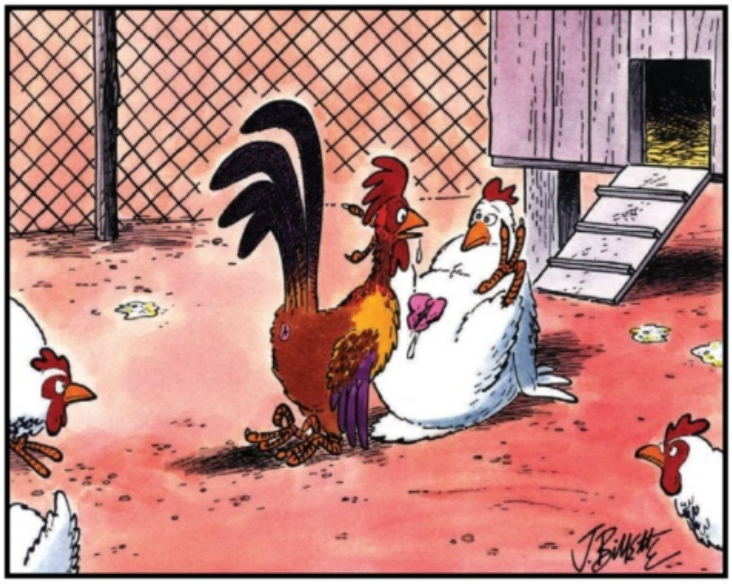
"No kidding?" I say, surprised. "You think you can have a career in the adult business and balance it with a traditional, happy domestic life?"

Bonnie Rotten, the former scared little girl with no parents, no opportunities and no clear direction, takes a long beat before she answers. Finally, she smiles and points to the Sinatra tattoo on her leg. "Like the great man once said," she tells me, "the best is yet to come."

In her case, I believe she's absolutely right. H

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

For all things wonderfully Rotten, check out ***BonnieRotten.com*** *and follow her wild adventures on Twitter @theBonnieRotten.*



What does it taste like? It tastes just like chicken, of course!

JESSE

ALPHA FEMALE

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
JULES JORDAN VIDEO

Forcing men to spill their secrets sums up the premise of *Alpha Female*, but the plot really boils down to Jesse ruling as Dominant Slut Goddess over Chad White, Jules Jordan and Manuel Ferrara. She and Samantha Saint look completely curvylicious in amazing fetishwear—and even better naked. The camera loves Jesse's pretty ass as much as it does her pretty face, and she's never fucked better.

Perky and bubbly by nature, the platinum porn queen said it took a bit of doing to get used to putting on her "bitch face," but once she got into it, she had a blast. "I'm pretty dominant anyway," she told HUSTLER. "More so with girls—I'm always the man with girls. The guys I work with will fight back. I love to throw a man around, but I like to be thrown around too. So if they challenge me, it's going to be a wrestling match. I get the best of them in the end." In this case, the best of them ends up splattered all over Jesse's face and tits, and just in case you missed any of it, the DVD features a special cum-shot recap. All bow before Mistress Jesse—or suffer the deliciously dirty consequences!

Visit **HustlerStore.com** today to worship your very own *Jesse: Alpha Female*.

INDELIBLE

JUSTICE HOWARD IS KNOWN FOR HER "IN YOUR FACE" PHOTOGRAPHY. SHE SHINES A BRIGHT, EXUBERANT LIGHT ON WHAT OTHERS MIGHT FIND DARK AND DISTURBING. LEAVE A LOT OF ROOM ON YOUR COFFEE TABLE FOR HER NEWEST COLLECTION, *REVELATIONS: THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF JUSTICE HOWARD*, A 300-PAGE, FIVE-POUND TESTAMENT TO HER LEGEND AS A PIONEER OF TATTOO PHOTOGRAPHY. AS INK MASTER FREDDY NEGRETE PUTS IT IN HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE BOOK, "NO ONE DOES IT BETTER THAN JUSTICE."

HUSTLER: What is it about the tattoo community that drew your interest originally?

JUSTICE HOWARD: I have always been attracted to tattoos because at the base level they are art. My father had this really small alligator tattoo on his ankle that he got in the Navy. Every day, when I was a kid, I'd ask him to see it. So I have always been enthralled with them. Over the past ten years I have shot probably over 2,000 people with tattoos, so I've come to know a lot about them and have seen some of the best work on the planet. I was asked to be a judge at the Pomona tattoo convention last year. Rough job that one, gorgeous men disrobing in front of you all day!

Do you have any tattoos?

I do not have any tattoos, oddly enough. I would love nothing more than to get a big Robert Atkinson back piece, but I just don't have the extra 40 hours it takes to sit there and get one. I do, however, have my neck pierced. It looks like Frankenstein bolts but prettier, as I have Australian opals there. It's a very dangerous piercing to get, as it's right next to your carotid artery, so only myself and one other guy has them. I did that to mark a very emotional and horrific chronology in my life, and those are a reminder, every time I look in the mirror, never to repeat it.

MALICE

JANINE LINDEMULDER

STEPHANIE COOTWARE

Is there any particular etiquette to asking about someone's tattoos?

I'm pretty ballsy, so I'll ask anyone about anything at any time! But I think it's the tone of how you ask that makes the difference. I was shooting this well-known tattoo artist who is in the first book, and he only has one eye, and he wears this sexy black leather eye patch over it. My girlfriend said, "Don't ask him about his eye." So of course I ask him. The tone of how I asked made all the difference, and I did get my answer. In reality, people love to talk about their tattoos, so if you see skin art you like, ask.

Can you comment on the changes you've seen in tattoo culture over the past 15 years?

Well, now one out of every four Americans has a tattoo. Judges, lawyers, accountants, nurses—nowadays everyone has a damn tattoo! Ten years ago my friend Erno and I went to this restaurant in San Francisco. Erno had a full-body suit and was quite ahead of his time with all of that. I remember no one letting us even sit in the damn restaurant. That was back in the day when people thought only sailors and whores had skin ink. I was shooting women with tattoos as fine art back in 1998, when only four of us were doing that. People would look at my shots and go, "Oh, that's ugly." Tattoos were perceived as being ugly things that defaced women or made them whorish or something. I'm so happy things have changed! >>

COURTNEY CRAVE

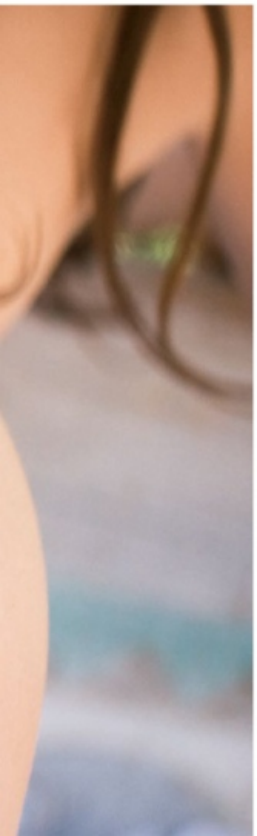
MISS CRASH

Do you come up with sets and styling, or do you collaborate with your subjects?
I think up all the wacked ideas in my eclectic little brainpan. My favorite thing is to take people out of their comfort zone and style them in a way they wouldn't even consider. Why would you ever want to do something that's been done to death? Doesn't interest me at all. I want to do stuff that's never been done before. Actually, I have a really great idea for Mr. HUSTLER himself, so heads up, Larry—I'd love you to be my next lens victim! H

AJA

MARINA
VISCONTI
THE NATURAL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I've always been a crazy girl by nature. :D My friends' parents told them not to hang out with me. They thought I was bad because I smoked, drank beer, listened to Rammstein. Just stupid things. Not sex though. I was very conservative sexually before I started doing porn. I didn't watch it. In fact, I didn't know the names of any porn stars except for Sasha Grey. She is very famous in Russia."



Now I'm starting to make a name for myself. I've had strangers come up to me in airports and ask for sex advice. I tell them that if you want to be better in bed, focus on being seductive and avoid speaking too much about the relationship. And it helps if you're hot."

MARINA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Moscow, Russia** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **34DD-26-38** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**
TWITTER: **@Viktoria301995**

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"Fox News—proving once again that you *can* make this shit up!

SHYLA
JENNINGS
SHAMELESS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CR INC.

There's not much I don't like to do. I love everything. But when one of my girlfriends was like, 'Hey, would you be interested in taking off your clothes? You'd get paid,' I didn't know how I'd feel. I told her I wasn't sure, but when I got to the shoot, I saw all these really cute girls. Right away I thought, *Hell, yes, I can do this!* It was just meant to be. I was wearing these long black boots and black panties. It was supposed to be a softcore shoot, but after a little while I whipped my panties right off and poured baby oil all over myself. I've never looked back!"

Now it seems inevitable I'd be in porn. There were always signs that I was a little bit more promiscuous than other people. I'd walk around my house naked. I played with myself a lot. I've had sex on top of my car. And once me and this guy were at a party. I was really horny. He kept pushing me away because there were too many people around. Finally I was like, 'Hey, I really need it.' So he lifted up my skirt and nailed me right there. I guess I'm a nympho. I'm definitely down with my sexuality."

SHYLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Antonio, Texas**
AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-2**
MEASUREMENTS: **32B-25-33**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@IAmShylaJ**

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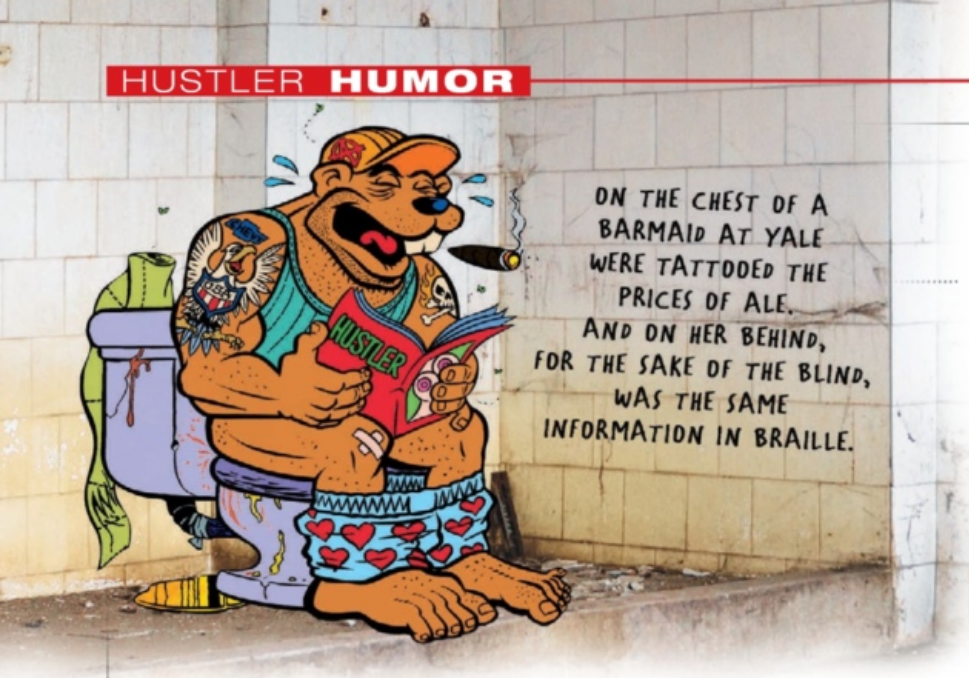
ON THE CHEST OF A BARMAID AT YALE WERE TATTOOED THE PRICES OF ALE. AND ON HER BEHIND, FOR THE SAKE OF THE BLIND, WAS THE SAME INFORMATION IN BRAILLE.
HUSTLER

Little Tommy went to his father and asked, "Dad, what does a pussy look like?"

"Well, son," the father said. "Before sex, a woman's vagina looks like a perfect pink rosebud covered with perfect perfumed dew drops."

"So," asked the kid, "what does it look like *after* sex?"

"Well, have you ever seen a bulldog eating mayonnaise?"

An extremely competitive married couple were playing golf one day. As they were waiting for the group in front of them to finish putting, the hubby turned to his wife and said, "Honey, I have a confession to make: A few years back, I had an affair with my secretary."

The wife said nothing, but during the next lull in the game, she turned to her spouse. "I also have a confession to make," she said. "I used to be a man."

The husband was silent for a minute. Then he yelled, "You bitch! You've been playing from the ladies' tees this whole fucking time!"

Question: Why does the American Bar Association prohibit lawyers from fucking their clients?

Answer: To prevent clients from being billed for the same service twice.

In church one morning, the preacher called out, "Anyone with special needs who wants to be prayed over, please come forward to the altar."

So Leroy immediately got in line. When it was his turn, the good preacher asked him, "What would you like us to pray about for you?"

Leroy replied, "Father, I need you to pray for help with my hearing."

The preacher rested his hands over Leroy's ears and prayed. The whole congregation joined in, calling loudly on the Lord for his help. After a few minutes the preacher removed his hands and stood back. "Praise the Lord," he said. "How is your hearing now, my son?"

Leroy answered, "I don't know. It ain't till Thursday."

Question: What is a gold digger's favorite position?

Answer: CEO.

Sitting at a bar drinking beer, John and Nick struck up a conversation about women.

"I always look for a woman with blond hair, shapely legs and a short skirt," said Nick. "When I see a woman like that, I figure, now here's a girl who knows what she wants and how to get it."

John shook his head. "Not me. I always look for a woman with a really bad tattoo."

"A bad tattoo? Why?"

"Because when I see a woman with a shitty tattoo, I figure, here's a girl who's capable of making a decision that she's truly going to regret."

Question: What do you call a pill that's part Viagra, part laxative?

Answer: Easy come, easy go.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

"Seriously, hon—one day we'll look back on this and laugh."

"Once upon a time we didn't have a goddamn kid, and Mommy would be sucking Daddy's dick right now, and he'd live happily ever after. The end."

YOUR PRETTY FACE IS GOING

GETTING STABBED BY COWORKERS AND RAPED BY SPIDERS: ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR THE STARS OF ADULT SWIM'S LIVE-ACTION DARLING *YOUR PRETTY FACE IS GOING TO HELL*. WE SAT DOWN WITH HEAD DEMONS CLAUDE AND GARY, PLAYED BY CRAIG ROWIN AND HENRY ZEBROWSKI, AND THEIR BOSS SATAN, AS DEPICTED BY THE GLORIOUS MATT SERVITTO, TO GET OUR DEVIL'S DUE ON KHAKI FARTS AND JUMPING SHARKS.

HUSTLER: We were able to see a preview of Season 2 of *Your Pretty Face Is Going to Hell*, and it looks crazy.

HENRY: You just saw the first of a round of clips, and I feel like it escalates to a level of nuttiness that's gonna be pretty unique.

MATT: As I always say, you would never flip past our show. You have to stop. The color pattern is so psychedelic and demands to be looked at.

HENRY: You just roll up the fattest, thickest hog leg of the sweetest Mexican oregano and put that to your dome, *mmm*, you're gonna *really* enjoy the show.

MATT: You're making me hungry! Because I know you're talking about pizza. That's what he's talking about. "Get yourself a big pie, and put some oregano on it." That's what I heard.

The show fantastically captures the malaise of office life. Do you guys have any practical experience working in a sales office like on the show?

MATT: I temped in data entry for a while. It sent me running back to show business. The clock always felt like it was going backward; the piles never got smaller. I think I tried doing it drunk. I would go out and drink at lunchtime. It didn't help.

CRAIG: Just to be clear, Servitto also leaves to get drunk on the set of the show. That's also how he raises his children.

MATT: The drunker *you* are, the better my acting is, so that's all I'm saying.

HENRY: I would say working as a temp is really the best way to know what it's like to be a ghost trapped between two worlds, because you are nothing and no one, and all color of life leaves you. It's the smell of farts and khaki pants.

CRAIG: That's sort of what our set smells like too, because we're forced to wear khakis. Henry's eating habits are pretty pitiful. >>

INTERVIEW BY LEE KEELER

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY ADULT SWIM

TO HELL

HENRY: I remember working in an office, and I'd get a pile of Indian food, I'd smoke a cigarette, and I'd go back into the office, just the worst day I ever had. I was sitting there, trapped in a cubicle. I thought I was gonna kill myself. I was just bleary-eyed hungover from my whole lifestyle; I drank a fifth of whiskey before going to sleep every night.

MATT: Y'know, everything that Henry's saying sounds like it could've happened last week.

CRAIG: Also, any question you ask could have ended in that answer from Henry.

Do you guys have any ex-girlfriends who have been depicted on *Your Pretty Face Is Going to Hell*? Or wanted to be?

CRAIG: If you haven't noticed, they have refused to put any women on the show yet. There are no women in Hell. Although this season you do see... How would you describe it?

HENRY: We got some titties this season! That is the truth though. We have two naked women somewhere in the show.

CRAIG: It's one one-hundredth of what the people reading this magazine are used to.

HENRY: Because you got P and V in this magazine, right? Sweet.

MATT: I don't think it's about women in Hell. I just don't think they want women around Craig and Henry.

Henry, you've worked on camera for Jordan Belfort and Satan. Who is the tougher boss?

HENRY: I'll put it this way, y'know, when you're working for Jordan Belfort, there's a lot of yelling. He forces you to do a lot of drugs in order to spend all of your money because he wants you to keep coming back. But *Satan*...Satan has sex with my bottom. Which is uncomfortable. I mean, I don't know. At the same time, I know that the prostate is the male G spot. He also destroys me a lot, stabs me a lot, and I get raped by a spider. So Hell is worse. Hell is worse than being rich in New York City.

If you had a wish list of anybody you could feature in *Hell*, is there anybody you want on the show?

HENRY: I want Bill Cosby to be on the show real bad.

CRAIG: I hope I'm not a victim of murder for saying this, but Bob Durst soon will have a place if he lives through the trial. That is to say, we all believe he's innocent.

HENRY: [*Laughing.*] Robert Durst needs to be put in front of a jury of his peers. Everyone is innocent until proven guilty. Every man has his reasons for his actions.

Have you caught any static from any good Christian folks over your work on the show? Got an aunt who refuses to serve you at Thanksgiving now?

MATT: We haven't had enough of that. I keep waiting. I may pay somebody to write some letters and act upset and create some controversy around the show.

William Tokarsky, the star of *Too Many Cooks*, is a minor character on *Your Pretty Face Is Going to Hell*. What was it like to watch him blow up when *Too Many Cooks* went viral?

ALL: [*Laughter.*]

CRAIG: One thing is, I think he's the first character that you see on the show in the pilot. So in our eyes he's always been a star. William,

ANGEL AND DEVIL-GIRL PHOTOS BY WILFERD GUENTHOER. FOR MORE HELLISHLY GOOD PICS, SEE PAGE 106.

first of all, is amazing, and now he does, like, show up in a limo to set.

HENRY: He brought this girl that was green—I'm not going to say she was underage, but she was between 17 and 22—and when she came, she was all out of sorts. Obviously she'd just got off of a plane from L.A., and he said, "This is my stepdaughter." He's always wearing Oakleys. Things have really changed for him, because he was a good Christian man for a while. Initially.

MATT: In reality, I think he's probably now buying Bud Light in cases instead of a 12-pack.

Matt, you spent years on *The Sopranos* as an agent for the FBI. Your character was sympathetic to Tony Soprano's lifestyle, occupying a specific gray area. What's it like to be a full-on bad guy in this series?

MATT: Ironically, I think I'm much more likable as Satan on *Your Pretty Face* than I ever was as an FBI agent on *The Sopranos*. Only near the end, in the last two seasons, when we both sit and have coffee and talk about our rotten kids, that's actually finally when people were like, "Y'know, you're giving him information now—that's cool, man. I didn't like you for five seasons, man. I hated you. I hated you so much."

HENRY: And that was just his kids.

Since Hell is technically eternal, do you guys see *Your Pretty Face* being around as long as the Bible?

MATT: I think that would be the act of Hell, just to continue into, y'know, Season 14, just sort of still plugging along.

HENRY: Yeah, Servitto's in a wheelchair. I'm in my third stint of rehab, getting to the point of where we're like, "What happens this episode? Guess we're all going to clown school."

MATT: We keep waiting for more women to show up in Hell, and it doesn't happen.

HENRY: Or Servitto's going through his ninth divorce. Craig has gone through a bodybuilding phase and is jacked…

CRAIG: The great thing about it, if you watch the show, is that because of the amazing visuals and all the storylines, we literally can never jump the shark.

MATT: They're short episodes, so you'd be able to binge-watch Seasons 1 through 10 in about four hours.

CRAIG: They are short episodes, but if you play them at half-speed, reversed? That's *really* how they're supposed to be watched.

HENRY: Yes, absolutely. You gotta make sure, because sometimes you will feel compelled to commit suicide.

CRAIG: That's right.

HENRY: But that's a side effect.

CRAIG: Legally, you can't print what Henry just said.

HENRY: *Legally*.

Thanks for doing this. We really are fans, and now we can mail reams of porn to Henry's address.

HENRY: Hey, I'm single. There's nothing I like better than just *piles* of porno magazines.

MATT: Can you get us on the cover of HUSTLER, please?

Uhhhhh….

MATT: Henry is a beautiful woman.

HENRY: I am. I have a voluptuous body. >>

> Satan has sex with my bottom… He also destroys me a lot, stabs me a lot.

"Arthur, you and Mr. Happy can stand there till Hell freezes over, but the hum-job store is closed!"

XELL

BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM, DAVE WILLIS AND CASPER KELLY HAVE *AQUA TEEN HUNGER FORCE*, *SQUIDBILLIES*, *HARVEY BIRDMAN: ATTORNEY AT LAW*, *STROKER AND HOOP* AND *TOO MANY COOKS* UNDER THEIR BELTS. WE CAUGHT UP WITH THE CREATORS OF *YOUR PRETTY FACE IS GOING TO HELL* TO LEARN ALL ABOUT THRUSTING AND BARE BUTTS.

HUSTLER: Do you anticipate catching any static from conservative Christian-wing nuts for having a show set in Hell?

CASPER: I don't think so. I think it might be partly because it's very much a Baptist version of Hell.

DAVE: Yeah, we're the most Judeo-Christian show on television.

With your breadth of experience at Adult Swim, you guys are almost single-handedly responsible for the bulk of the brand's success. Have they given you any weird bonus for this? Like a convertible with Zorak painted on the side?

> We are told we can show butts on our show. But I imagine there's a time limit on how much butt, because we shot *a lot* of Henry's butt for this new season. And that is true.

DAVE: I'm allowed to go to Ted Turner's Nebraska ranch for any three weeks of the year. Not his Colorado or Texas land, but his Nebraska one.

Really?

DAVE: No.

CASPER: I hate to top you, Dave, but I got a block of Lucite with a number 15 on it for my 15 years.

DAVE: Oh, I have one of those. I have one for my ten and one for my five as well. I think the word *achievement* is etched into it. It's just like this cube.

CASPER: Dave, we've gotta do a bit on *Your Pretty Face* where they hand out Lucite blocks every five years, for people who have been there thousands of years!

DAVE: "Six-hundred and thirty-five *yeeeears!* Way to go, Wolfgang."

You guys get away with a great deal of far-out material. What is the line that you cannot cross at Adult Swim?

CASPER: There's a couple. One is thrusting. We can't show thrusting, even under the blankets.

DAVE: We are told we can show butts on our show. But I imagine there's a time limit on how much butt, because we shot *a lot* of Henry's butt for this new season. And that is true.

CASPER: It'll come down to frames, won't it? How many frames of butt you can have.

What can we expect for the future of Claude and Gary? Any promotions?

DAVE: They exploit a loophole to escape Hell. Someone on Earth truly loves them, loves them truly—this is like a bad rom-com premise—but then their love can allow them to escape Hell.

CASPER: Gary gets trained in how to appear on people's shoulders in order to test them.

DAVE: There's a whole shoulder-work seminar, teaching the demons how to appear on shoulders and combat the angels.

CASPER: Among other things, he notices that somebody has an irregular mole on their neck and it might be precancerous and points it out.

DAVE: Gary gets reborn again, which is a problem for him in Hell. Satan rewrites the *Necronomicon* to be more like *Twilight* to get more people interested in Hell. Satan calls on Gary and Claude to find Krampus in the Slovenian mountains to combat Christmas. To really start the war against Christmas.

Casper, *Too Many Cooks* is a viral success, and it seems like you were given a lot of creative freedom with it. Will Adult Swim be giving you more creative space like this in the future?

CASPER: Well, I kinda already had a lot of creative space to be able to do that in the first place. We will see if that holds when my nine-hour reboot of *Hell Comes to Frogtown* in CG, with Roddy Piper reprising his original role, is pitched.

***Too Many Cooks* skewers '80s television. What would the movie version of *Too Many Cooks* entail?**

DAVE: *550 Shades of Grey*?

CASPER: There you go. H

Your Pretty Face Is Going To Hell Season 2 airs Sundays at 12:15 a.m. ET/PT on Adult Swim.

"I'm trying to romance you here, bitch! Farting in my face is not cool!"

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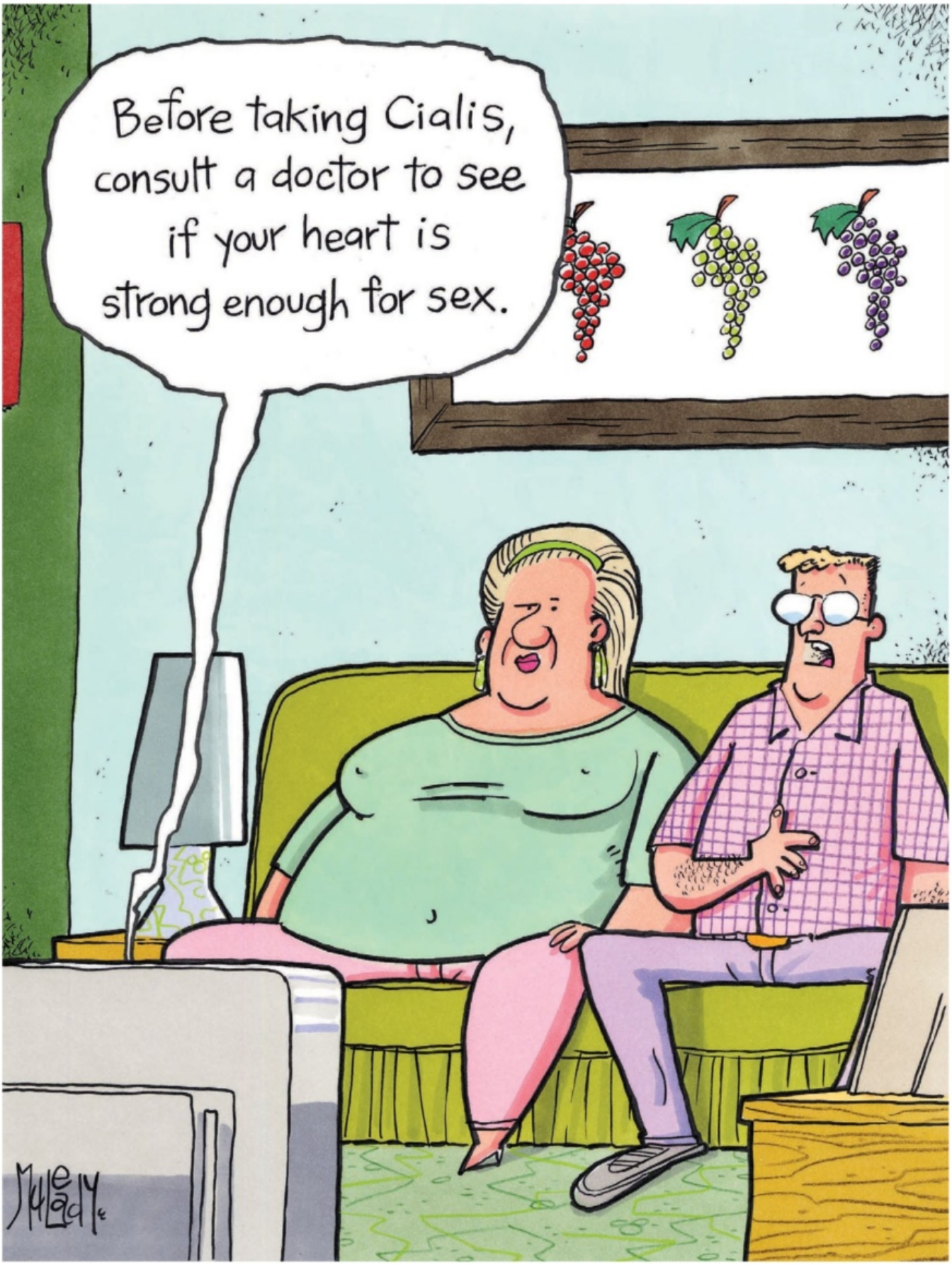

"My heart is strong enough. It's my stomach that I'm worried about."

JESSICA RYAN

A FAMILY AFFAIR

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: SHAY FOX, CHLOE CHAOS, ASHLYN MOLLOY, JESSICA RYAN, PENNY BROOKS, SETH GAMBLE, OTTO BAUER & CHAD WHITE.

Can't keep it in your pants? At least keep it in the family. That seems to be the lesson learned in *A Family Affair*, which details the erotic encounters among an extended clan and a comely houseguest. The video opens up with a scene between MILFy brunette Shay Fox, who walks in on her stepson (played by Seth Gamble), while he's perusing a copy of HUSTLER's sister publication *Barely Legal*. With her ample curves and hungry mouth, Fox descends on Gamble's cock like a pterodactyl who realizes that her next meal just might be her last. Gamble throws a spirited fuck into his well-seasoned seductress, eventually depositing a thick dollop of nad nectar on her grateful mug. Later on, shit-hot blonde Chloe Chaos sucks on the prick of her stepfather—since formalities would be inappropriate in this setting, she naturally calls him "Daddy"—before allowing her dangling cunt curtains to be breached by "Daddy's" cum cannon. Moving forward, redheaded, whippet-thin Penny Brooks chokes down a meat mast before spreading her legs wide for a fervent spelunking in the bathroom. For those who find themselves with an awkward hard-on at the Thanksgiving dinner table every year, *A Family Affair* provides a mother lode of erotic bliss. Order now by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Pico D. Ribibi

CHLOE CHAOS

PENNY BROOKS

ASHLYN MOLLOY

RILEY STEELE

BARBARELLA XXX: AN AXEL BRAUN PARODY

WICKED COMIX. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: RILEY STEELE, ASA AKIRA, RACHAEL MADORI, CHANELL HEART, TERA PATRICK, PRIYA RAI, JESSICA RYAN, SELMA SINS, EVAN STONE, ERIC MASTERSON, KURT LOCKWOOD, ALEC KNIGHT, JAMES BARTHOLET & RON JEREMY.

Axel Braun strikes an out-of-this-world balance between campy and carnal in *Barbarella XXX*, a spoof of the French science-fiction comic that inspired the iconic 1968 Jane Fonda film. From the video's opening sequence, with its oh-so-groovy theme song and '60s graphics, Braun hits the perfect retro-futuristic tone to honor the source material. Of course, in porn, great production values without hot sex are the equivalent of a gold-plated turd, but *Barbarella XXX* delivers plenty of groin-stiffening action as well. Riley Steele, a stacked, bright-eyed blonde with an ass like a sweet apple, leads the charge as the titular space explorer. Dispatched to a far-flung location to track down a rogue weapon, Steele is subjected to a dual alien probe by a pair of space goons. She ravenously chokes down their gleaming flesh helmets until her pretty little visage is lacquered with space gunk. Later, a long, hot lesbian loin-lock between tight-bodied, tawny-skinned enchantress Asa Akira and Rachael Madori steams up the screen, punctuated by fervent scissoring, passionate toe-sucking and Akira sawing four fingers in and out of Madori's clam-cove. A ball-gargling, sputum-inducing blowjob by ebony enchantress Chanell Heart likewise satisfies, as do the trippy aesthetic and occasional sly, knowing nod to just how silly this whole endeavor is. By the time *Barbarella XXX* is over, the viewer won't care if Barbarella finds that weapon. His meat missile will already have exploded in his lap. **—P.D.R.**

RACHAEL MADORI
& ASA AKIRA

CHANELL HEART

DEVICE BONDAGE VOL. 11

KINK.COM. STARRING: MANDY MUSE, KRISTINA ROSE, MARICA HASE & ORLANDO.

Looking to spruce up that dungeon in your garage with a few new accoutrements? Head on down to Home Depot for some supplies, pop *Device Bondage Vol. 11* into the DVD player, and prepare to be inspired. Half instructional video, half Nazi training film, this offering from Kink.com showcases myriad apparatuses with which to erotically torment the victim of your choice. The initial test subject here is Mandy Muse, a giggly, pale brunette whose chipper demeanor stands in stark relief to the horrors she will endure at the hands of her tormentor, a cross between a Hasidic hipster and a Bond villain. During her lengthy presession interview, Muse declares, "I realize I have issues" and notes, "I want to experience some pain and pleasure." Both statements are underscored by the ensuing scene, during which Muse has her bare pussy flogged, her asshole caned and her body clipped with clothespins. During one sequence Muse is shackled on all fours. A hook, suspended on a rope that's attached to her hair, is lodged into her shitpit. A vibrator caresses her snatch, and with each gleeful twitch the hook bores in deeper. Fans of such fare will delight in the proceedings. For the casual jerkoff, the snail's pace and obsessive focus on Rube Goldberg-like contraptions of pleasure/pain will numb the loins. But if you're the kind of guy who prefers hearing "Please stop" instead of "Don't stop," *Device Bondage Vol. 11* will surely captivate you. **—P.D.R.**

MARICA HASE

MANDY MUSE

"Hey, babe, did I ever tell you about an organ transplant I had a few years ago?"

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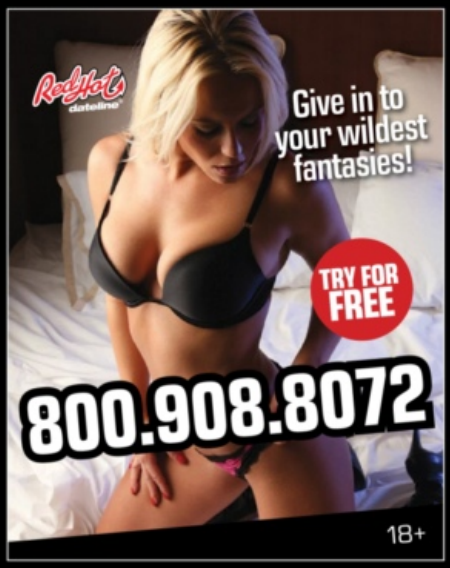

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NATALIA STARR
&
ZOEY FOXX
PRETTY IN PINK
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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Before I worked in porn, I didn't know much about sex. Now I know lots of positions. There are so many different ways to give a blowjob and eat a pussy. With a man my favorite sex is doggy-style. I like it when a guy fucks me really hard and his balls slap my clit. When it comes to women, I love scissoring. A 69 can be tricky. It's too hard to focus on pleasuring while getting pleasure. If I start feeling good, I'll just stop doing you. I'm greedy."

—**Natalia Starr**

People don't guess that I'm a sex freak because I look so sweet. I studied dance for years, so even when I'm fucking, I point my toes and think about my posture. You can be slutty and still carry yourself like a lady. My dad was a youth pastor, and my mom used to be a marijuana grower, so I went to church all the time, but also got in lots of trouble. I was always playing with cocks and pussies and having adventures. I was a tomboy in pink. Now I play all I want and get to call it work. And I'm still a big fan of pink."

—Zoey Foxx

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

ALEX

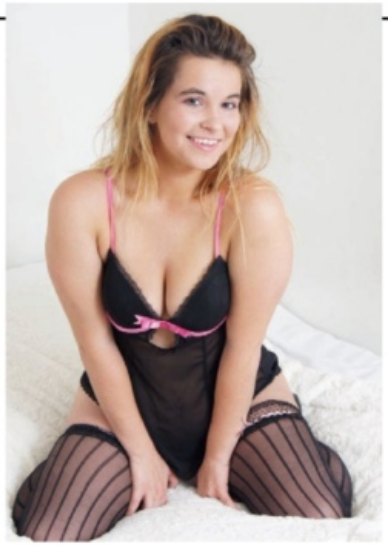
For HUSTLER's 41st Anniversary Issue this aspiring model from Walnut Creek, California, got the ball rolling with a sidekick in our salute to "The Top 25 Beavers of the Decade." Since Alex will be turning 22 in October, we've brought the porn, hiking and dancing enthusiast back à la carte so she could pocket a nice gift—250 smackers—while rewarding us with an astounding encore. "I'm a bi and free-spirited party animal," Alex relates. "I love passionate sex and am always wet and ready no matter where I may be. I've had sex in a McDonald's bathroom, on a few beaches, in a park, all over the place. Nowhere is safe." But anything goes! "I give awesome head," Alex raves. "I know how to use my mouth to perk guys up and let 'em know who's in control." The 5-foot-3 birthday girl, whose preferred position is doggy, is eager to perk up observers as well. Alex seems to relish being naked in front of a camera almost as much as she digs being fucked from behind. "I like the idea of your readers jacking off as they look at my pictures," Alex coos. "I love showing off my great body and cute butt." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

"My number-one wish is being a HUSTLER centerfold. I'd also like to make a sex tape with a hot guy and my best girlfriend."

ALESSANDRA NOIR

"I wanted to be in HUSTLER ever since I watched *The People vs. Larry Flynt*," says Alessandra Noir, 23, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. "It's my favorite movie." Now *Beaver Hunt* fans can watch the 5-foot-2 fresh face discard her duds, as well as get a peek at her persona, pleasures and naughty proclivities. "I'm shy at first," Alessandra admits. "But once I open up, I'm bubbly, charming and funny." Not to mention a whole lot of fun: "I love sex!" she asserts. "I'm straight, seductive and always horny. My tight pussy is very wet all day, every day, but I like letting the sexual tension slowly heat up when I'm with someone." The dancing diehard—whose favorite songbirds are Britney Spears, Jhené Aiko and Nicki Minaj—has a well-tuned repertoire: "I love giving head and swallowing. I get really turned on when I give a guy a blowjob and fucking doggy-style. I like anal a little bit too. I just started trying it. I'm ready for my most challenging fantasy: a five-man gang-bang." No wonder the bayou babe took a job at Carson City, Nevada's Love Ranch North and has a backup ambition to boot. "When I become a world-famous adult-film star," Alessandra vows, "I want to be able to say I polished all the tricks of the trade by practicing with my customer-lovers at a fantastic legal brothel." *—Photos by Bill Larkin*

"How would you like to say you banged me before I became a world-famous adult-film star?"
Twitter: @Alessandra_Noir



MICA

"I wanted to model nude at least once because I like feeling sexy," proclaims Mica, 19, a college student from Shaker Heights, Ohio. "I literally take too many selfies a day." Feeling talkative, the 5-foot-7 Instagram buff reveals, "I'm very outgoing, bubbly and a country girl for sure. I love fishing, hunting and just being outdoors." As for her amorous nature, Mica confides, "I love playing with girls, so beautiful asses are the best thing invented. I also love men, and I finally found a down guy to help fulfill my fantasies. One is having sex on a beach all day and all night until the sun comes up." Mica has some far-out turn-ons: "If *The Walking Dead* comes on when my boyfriend is playing a video game, he has to pause it and cuddle with me. I really heat up when he takes over on the couch or in the sheets. It's time for me to work my mouth and ass!" An energetic sexmate is a keeper, so props to Mica for shedding light on an awkward moment that many fornicating gals have experienced: "One night I queefed, and my boyfriend and I both laughed. I felt embarrassed. The next day he said, 'Your pussy lips were talking.' Well, take it from me, you now know what I'm all about!" —*Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

Instagram: @Bad_Blood621

"I don't play *Madden NFL*, but I sure love seducing my man so he'll go deep into *my* end zone!"

"Fucking doggy-style always makes me happy."

UNIQUE

This "outgoing, independent and open-minded" denizen of South Lake Tahoe, California, would like to meet Larry Flynt. Unique couldn't have found a better way to say hello and make a fantastic first impression. "I'm going to succeed in life 'cause I'm a hustler," predicts the 5-foot-2 hostess, who'll be blowing out 23 candles in October. When Unique isn't sound asleep or in work mode, she's big on singing, playing volleyball, watching *Tosh.0*, partying with her friends and listening to Lil Wayne, Too $hort, Taylor Swift and Kat Dahlia. Bi-curious Unique was a cheerleader in high school. Now it's her sex life that's flexible: "My fantasy is getting my pussy eaten by a guy and nipples bitten by a girl while my hair is being pulled and I'm totally dominated by the two of them." —*Photos by Friend*

JANICE

Bringing up the rear, chronologically and anatomically, is 19-year-old Janice from Tempe, Arizona. "I'm a motivated and determined person," she states. "I'm a sales associate at a clothing store, and I want to own one someday." We're tickled pink that the 5-foot-2 delight has popped up in a place where clothing is minimized. "I've always loved being photographed," Janice exults. "Posing nude was bound to happen. I hope your readers like my bright smile and all the rest." Rounding out her résumé, Janice savors MMA, WWE (the wrestling org, not a radio station), songbird Adele and In-N-Out burgers, a perfect prelude to the bi bombshell's amorous cravings: "I love doggy-style and blindfold sex." And how's this for an appetizing fantasy? "I want whipped cream squirted all over my naked body and then have a guy or girl lick it off me." *—Photos by Chuck Mahalos*

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KATE & JOEY RAY
SOME PUSSY FOR THE DEVIL
HUSTLER CLASSIC
APRIL 2004
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Kate scoffed when folks told her that she'd go to Hell for her sinnin' ways, but soon she found herself naked in a burning haze. To get out of the fiery hollow, the horny lass came up with a deal that the Devil would surely swallow.

Midway through taking Old Scratch's pitchfork in her molten abyss, the fickle reprobate changed her mind about returning to the surface. She wanted to stay and redecorate the flaming pit. "I'm thinking top-to-bottom makeover," Kate mused. "Is there an IKEA down here?"

The Devil sighed, "Now I'm the one who's in deep shit."

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